

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL

LANGSUIRS®

SHADOW OF THE OLD ONES



CHAPTER 3

LANGSUIRS:

Shadow of the Old Ones

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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NOTE TO READERS: The following events take place during the invasion of the Earthly plain by the creatures known only as the “Old Ones.” While previous knowledge of the LANGSUIRS comic is not necessary to read this eBook, having read the comics, will probably make the eBook much more enjoyable and understandable.

CHAPTER 3

Thursday - 2:51 pm

Outside Marlin Township - Graydeaux Parish, Louisiana

The highway was quiet for the moment. Officer Laura Bingham, Glock 9 millimeter in hand, stepped cautiously up to the back of the Army Humvee closest to her. A soldier leaned against the vehicle with his rifle at the ready, still smoking from recent automatic fire. He paid her no attention other than to roll his eyes to the side enough to gauge whether she was friendly or not.

Looking out past the armored jeep, she could see a scattering of human bodies off in the distance...the closest perhaps fifty yards away. The tall weeds and brush along the sides of the highway seemed motionless...almost eerily still...not the slightest movement. Beyond the rows were huge and seemingly endless rice fields to either side of the roadway and they too, moved not in the least.

It seemed for all intents and purposes, that the battle was over, but the soldiers didn't move. There were at least twelve of them that she could see...two manning the big 50 caliber machine gun pods atop the Humvees and the rest were armed with M-16A4 Modular Assault Rifles...top issue rifles for Guard units, she thought...especially the ones who had M203 40 mm grenade launcher attachments. She looked around at the men and realized that they weren't National Guardsmen at all...they all had 82nd Airborne patches on their sleeves.

Regular Army? No...not just Regular Army...these guys were fucking badasses...airborne...Rangers to be precise!

What the hell were they doing here? What the fuck was really going on here? Questions were burning through her mind and as she eyed the bodies out on the road once more, the urge to ask became more than she could suppress.

"What the fuck is going on?"

The soldier next to her...the one with the steely gaze tilted his head around slightly and whispered, "Shut the fuck up bitch...stay quiet."

Quieter this time, she reiterated her question.

"Where the fuck are you even from...why don't you get out of here?" he responded with a hushed agitation.

"Marlin City Police...we lost radio and internet about a half hour ago...I was chasing a speeder...then I ran across you guys going back into town...so what the eff'in fuck hell is going on, man?"

The soldier sighed and moved back some from his ready position so that he could turn more to face her.

"Lieutenant...she's a Marlin Police officer...do I have clearance to brief her?"

"Fuck if I care, Sergeant," the soldier on top of the opposing Humvee responded. "Is she staying? There's an extra rifle in the back of my vehicle...arm her ass up."

"Alright...as of midnight last night, an unnamed force of unknown origins made its foothold just South of Marlin at an old plantation house. This force is not human. This force is not alien. From what we were told, it is best to call it supernatural, alright...evil...whatever. It breached our world using some sort of dimensional gate system."

Laura suddenly felt like she was in a bad B-movie...but the soldier's face was one of total seriousness and despite what he was telling her...she knew with certainty, it was fact.

"As of 0600 hours this morning, elements of my division, 82nd Airborne, were dispatched by arial drop into the zone around the plantation to reinforce elements of the Louisiana National Guard. By the time we arrived at 0930, the Guard units had been over-run and what weren't dead had already bugged the fuck out, running for their lives. We immediately formulated a fall-back ourselves and began gathering civilians as we disembarked from the area using Guard

vehicles and equipment and we've been pulling back since that time. We finally managed radio contact with C&C about 1300 and we were ordered to evacuate the entire area...and we are under the assumption that an airstrike with high yield weaponry is imminent."

"What...what do you mean high yield?"

"A Nuke, bitch...they're gonna fucking nuke this shit-hole," another soldier defined the matter for her.

"Hey man...she lives here...take it down a notch," another soldier blurted from the hood region of the vehicle.

"We're holding our position to allow the civilians to get out before the bomb...and to keep the bad guys from getting out of the targeted zone."

"You gonna tell her about the ghosts?" the sarcastic soldier who'd commented on the nuke inquired.

"Ghosts?"

"Be careful...we have irregular troops out here...some bad ass motherfuckers wearing some kind of odd green camouflage and driving some wicked ass rigs. They wear full face socks with skulls painted on them. They're on our side...don't clip one."

"Why did you call'em ghosts?"

"Cause the bitches don't exist...black-ops motherfuckers, they go in and kill the fuck out of everything and then disappear again. Apparently these sum'bitches are trained to fight whatever the fuck it is that invading our asses," again it was the sarcastic soldier chiming in.

"Eyes on the roadway!" the Lieutenant ordered from the 50 caliber. "Only takes one to brief...and Sergeant, tell her about the walkers and hallucinations."

"Oh yeah...those *things* out there," and he twisted back to point out at the corpses on the highway. "They ain't human no more...they're like fucking zombies except they move as fast as normal humans and they don't die very easily. Aim for the fucking head, just like with a zombie. Take out the brain and it shuts down the central nervous system and the body stops moving. And when they get in close proximity you will start to see weird shit, and don't ask me how, but you will...crazy shit. You ignore it and concentrate your fire

on things you know are not friendly. In other words you pay attention to all of us...know where we're at and do not shoot there, no matter what you see...or think you see, got it?"

Laura nodded, though her eyes were bugging out.

"I blew the brains out of a ten year old earlier...it was me or him...so do not hesitate. The enemy takes control of the dead...do you understand this? You recognize somebody...it don't mean nothing, bitch...if they're walkers, they are the enemy...kill or be killed."

She nodded again.

"And one more thing...when it gets quiet...it ain't good."

As if to drive that point home, the Lieutenant suddenly opened up on the big 50 and everyone jumped to firing positions and began blasting down the highway as another humongous rush of walking dead began to swarm towards them...almost as if out of nowhere.

The sound of heavy rifle fire and the chugging of the two big 50's filled the air along with the smell of gunpowder. The noise was deafening...and Laura had never had to fire her weapon in combat before. She leaned against the Humvee and took aim with her pistol and fired though, with direct intent to take out one ugly bastard who was out in front of the inhuman wave. She nailed him with the first aimed shot and dropped him.

The assault force was about 75 yards out and closing quickly...all of them in a hard fucking run. The Lieutenant began to swivel the big gun side to side, sweeping the crowd and those unlucky enough to be hit were literally exploding into hamburger meat...and yet the wave kept coming. What started out looking like a forty or fifty suddenly swelled into several hundred...all coming up out of the rice fields, she noticed now.

"The fields...they're in the fields," she bellowed and turned to look out behind them, just in time to realize walkers, bald and naked and sickly gray in color, were quickly rushing up out of the flooded rice fields all around them.

"Fuckers must have swam out...fuck, they can breathe under water...what the fuck...what the fuck?" the sarcastic soldier screeched angrily as he turned and began to fire off

to the side of the highway into the oncoming wave of walkers.

The Lieutenant held his fire on the main force but yelled for his associate gunner to turn his fire to the rear of their position. "Make the bitches pay for it, men...hold your ground and show no mercy!"

"Hoo-Rah!" the men yelled almost in unison as they circled in and began firing fully automatic fire into the closing ring of walkers.

"On the hummers, dammit...UP, UP!" the Lieutenant shouted and everyone began climbing up onto the vehicles to get out of reach and to have better firing arcs.

The Sergeant shoved Laura hard, his hand pushing on her ass cheek as he flung her up to the top of the Humvee. Any other time, such an a forceful action would have pissed her off, but the man was trying to help her pudgy ass stay alive. As she secured her position and turned to help him up, she realized he was gone...the walkers swarming in on him and now reaching up at her and grabbing.

"MOTHERFUCKERS!!!" she screeched in a furious blast of anger as she unloaded her entire pistol clip into the bevy of zombies.

The soldier in the turret slumped and then disappeared down through the hole of the vehicle and she immediately realized he'd been pulled down through the cab by the monsters.

One stuck it's ugly bald head up through the hole and she swung around to pop him but her gun was locked and empty. It hissed at her and reached out to grab at her and another soldier on the hood, blasted him with his rifle just as hands jerked him down into the fray.

Frantic, she reached for the 50 caliber and swung it around so she could fire without going down into the turret. Immediately the hands pulled back as she raked the barrel and fire down into the crowd of walkers.

Suddenly, the gun was not firing...and she knew it was empty. Looking over at the other Humvee, she saw the Lieutenant and one last soldier atop the other vehicle swinging empty rifles at the monsters as they overtook the

top where they stood. The crowd seemed more concerned with the armed soldiers than her...and for a second more, she remained untouched...and the scene became a surreal environment. The sound of gunfire was gone...and all that she could hear was the insane chattering of the walkers as they banged into each other trying to climb atop the Humvees. Things seemed to slow down...and as she scanned around her, she noticed something...a blur of movement...something cutting through the horde of naked walkers...moving straight for her...and then all at once the slow motion reality exploded, literally, into a fury of noise and fire.

The explosion came from within the Humvee and fire catapulted out every open door and window of the vehicle, roasting the horde of zombies around her, and yet to her dismay, the vehicle itself did not explode and she remained on solid footing atop it.

The fire erupted outward at least twenty yards before it retreated and sucked back into the confines of the military truck.

Suddenly now safe, she tracked the direction the weapon had come and saw an armored vehicle of some bizarre shape off in the distance leading toward town. Some sort of weapon atop it...a missile launcher it appeared to be.

"Hold your position...do not move!" a human voice bellowed over an intercom from somewhere. Just then a swarm of fast flying helicopters swooped from out over the distant tree line far out past the rice fields and as they raced ever closer to her position, she heard a wurring noise began to grow in loudness and as she dropped to her knees atop the Humvee, everything around her erupted into blood and carnage.

In seconds, the helicopters were zooming over her head and disappearing again and as she opened her eyes to survey the devastation left in their wake, she vomited. Nothing was left around her. No bushes, no rice field...no zombies and no soldiers. The asphalt itself had been chewed up and spit out. The helicopters had used M-61 Vulcan cannons to rip apart everything around her. Firing

6,000 rounds of 20mm per minute, they'd erased the enemy within ten seconds of firing. All around her lay the shredded remains of human bodies...hundreds of them. And sadly she could no longer tell what was walker and what had moments before belonged to her comrades.

She hunched over and vomited yet again and then collapsed atop the truck...the world spinning and her will to fight suddenly evaporating...black spots engulfing her vision.

Nichols Farm...1:52 pm...One hour earlier...

Jackson Nichols cautiously opened the bathroom door and peered down the hall into the darkness where he'd heard his stepmother screaming. He could see nothing beyond a few feet from the doorway.

"Stacy? Hey...hey, you okay?"

The boy's voice penetrated her covered ears and she moved her hands and opened her eyes.

"Hey...can you see me?"

She looked toward the bathroom and saw a figure in the open doorway, illuminated slightly by light from behind it.

"Yeah...yeah I can see you...that you in the doorway?"

"Are you on the stairs?"

"No...hall by the mirror," she replied. "Were you just out here with me...just now...answer me!" Her voice seemed almost on the verge of hysterics.

"No...I been in the bathroom...and...and I just killed something in here...it...I know this is crazy...but it looked like my Mom...but it was...I don't know...I hit it with the soap on the rope and beat it down...and it's dead but it don't look like her anymore...it looks like a giant spider I guess."

"Are you okay...did it hurt you?"

"No...but why were you screaming?"

"I...I don't know," she lied. "I thought I saw something out here in the hallway with me...scared me...I dropped the flashlight and it rolled down the stairs and went out."

"Well that sucks...hold on," and his form disappeared momentarily and then she noticed a light flick on from within the bathroom...and as the light from it wobbled, she realized

what it was.

"You got your cellphone?" she exclaimed with delight.
"Do you have a signal?"

"No signal," he replied with a sigh as he appeared back at the doorway, this time much better illuminated. He twisted the phone and shined it down the hallway towards her.

She was topless and sprawled on the floor, leaning against the wall across from the old mirror at the top of the stairs. She blinked as the bright light hit her face.

"I...I don't know where my shirt is," she complained as she looked around her for it and her discarded brassiere.
"Throw me a towel from the bathroom, would you?"

Just then the bathroom door slammed hard, of its own free will, so suddenly and with such force that it hit the boy from behind and shoved him through the doorway and into the hall wall adjacent it.

Stacy screamed again, but quickly fought to get it under control and react.

"What was that? Are you okay? Jackson??"

The scrawny boy had hit the wall hard, but was still in one piece. Turning, he stared at the door and shined his phone light over at it. Stepping over to it, he grabbed at the knob and jerked several time to no avail.

"Shit...I don't think that thing was dead yet," he muttered as he pushed on the door to try and force it open.

"We need to get out of here," Stacy insisted as she clambered to her feet. In the darkness, she felt for her breasts and was relieved to find their shape and size normal.

"I'm naked," Jack remarked as he turned to face her and the light from his phone played across her own topless form once again.

"Get that light off of me, I don't have a shirt on," she grouched and made to cover her bare chest.

"Well I got no fucking nothing," he blurted in response to one-up her complaint.

"Watch the mouth," she scolded him.

"Are you serious? I was just almost molested by a giant spider thing that looked like my Momma with huge titties and now you're telling me to watch my language?? FUCK!"

“Alright...okay, calm down...damn...just...let's get out of here, okay...I think the house is haunted,” she finally admitted. “Something is not right...doors do not shut by themselves and giant spiders do not molest people.”

“Not when you beat the bitch down with soap on a fucking rope, they don't.”

She caught herself just before scolding him for his language again. There wasn't much sense in it after all. She knew he cussed and she had too, at his age. Not to mention, as he'd pointed out...the situation was a little tense and if cussing helped them deal with it...well she would be the first one busting out with four letter words for sure.

Shining the cellphone ahead of him, Jack made his way towards the stairs at the end of the hall and she followed him closely.

“Keep checking your phone for signal...if the storm breaks you might get a bar...and you need to call your Dad,” she instructed him as they crept closer to the end of the hall.

The big window at the top of the stairs was completely dark now...occasional blasts of lightning could be streaking here and there off in the distance beyond the fields surrounding the farm house, but nothing bright enough to light up the interior...not like before.

“What time is it?”

Jack tilted the phone and stared at it and then looked at the window. “It's only two o'clock...how can it be completely dark outside?”

“I don't know...bad storm I guess,” she asserted.

“I never seen a storm this bad...not even hurricanes make it THIS DARK!” he insisted as he nodded toward the window.

As they reached the head of the stairs, they past the old antique mirror and with her eyes now adjusted to the dim glow from the phone, she could make out their ghostly reflection in it as they walked in front of it.

Jackson was in fact, quite naked, and she could make out the shape of his big dick swinging in front of his thighs as he walked ahead of her...and despite her fear, she felt her nipples harden.

“Get a hold on the rail,” he suggested as he lit up the stair

railing that ran along the sides of the steps.

"I'd rather get a hold of you," she whispered back and then suddenly realized how out of place it sounded. Thinking quickly, she reached out and put a hand on his shoulder and gripped it. *That's what I meant...it is...stop thinking dirty thoughts*, she told herself, but she knew damn well that's not what she'd meant. Her mind had been somewhere other than on safety when her words had escaped.

The steps creaked with every movement they made as they slowly descended the stairs. And oddly, with each downward step, Stacy could swear her tits were growing again. Each time she moved, they seemed to jerk downward on her torso just a tiny bit more...and they were jiggling far too much to suit her. But in the darkness she couldn't tell for certain and she didn't want to turn loose of Jack to reach down and touch them.

You're just panicking again, moron...it wasn't real the first time and it's not real this time. Stop thinking about it. Your titties cannot spontaneously expand like that! she insisted to herself as fought the urge to scream again.

"What did you see in the hall," Jack asked as they neared the bottom of the staircase.

"Huh? Oh...I thought...I..." she couldn't bring herself to tell him it had been *him* she had seen. "Okay, I know this is gonna sound weird...but can you turn around and shine the light on me?"

He twisted and beamed the phone back at her torso.

With hesitation, she glanced down and was relieved to find her tits were their normal size. But after surveying herself, she noticed the glow from her was reflecting back onto Jackson...and far below the phone, she could see his penis was **not** its normal size. It was huge...the bluish glow from the phone adding just enough illumination to it that she could make out its shape and size...and it was dangling nearly to the top of his knee.

"What's wrong," Jack asked as he raised the beam to light up her face. "You okay?"

"No...no I'm fucking NOT okay, Jack," she blurted and

gripped his shoulder tighter for support. "I keep seeing shit that I know isn't real and it's getting to me, okay...it's getting to me."

"What are you seeing?" he asked as he tugged her along to the last step and then out onto the living room floor.

"Alright...don't laugh at me...it's stupid...but it was scary at the time," she insisted.

"What?" he asked her again.

"When I was upstairs before...I thought my...well I thought my tits were growing bigger...like huge...that's why I took my shirt and bra off...I mean it was real...it felt real... **they** felt real...I don't know how else to say it...and it freaked me the fuck out."

"Alright...just stay here, okay...sit down here," and he shined the phone over to the couch. "Stay here...I'm gonna go back upstairs and get us some clothes and see if I can find a gun or something and then I'll be back down and we can get out of here."

"Did you tell me your Mom had big tits?"

The question caught him off guard and he fumbled verbally before responding.

"Umm...in the bathroom...yeah, that thing was making me think it was her...it told me she wasn't really dead and then it got mad when I wouldn't leave with it...it...it blamed **you**... then babbled something about your fat ass and titties and then it just started growing this massive boobs and telling me to...to...come **do it--**"

"Do it? You mean like as in sex?" she blurted, interrupting him mid-sentence.

"Yeah...and that's when I hit her with the soap and then it wasn't her anymore...it was some kind of creepy ass spider thing the size of a big dog," he finished.

"This is so freaking weird, Jack...it's not normal. I've never heard of a haunted house having this kind of weird shit going on in it."

"I don't think it's the house, Stacy...that thing I hit up there was oozing black crap...I splattered it all over the bathroom. It was real...it was alive and maybe it still is, I don't know. I've lived in this house my whole life and nothing weird has

ever happened here,” he added, insisting her fears were not relevant.

“Alright...but...no, wait...uh-uh...I’m not letting you out of my sight, mister...fuck clothes,” she demanded as she grabbed him by the arm to prevent him from heading back up the stairs.

“Do you have the truck keys?”

“No, they’re in the kitchen on the hook by the door,” she answered. “Good idea...go get ’em...go...move!”

Together they scooted off toward the kitchen but when they reached the back door, the hook where the keys stayed was empty.

“DAMMIT TO HELL!” Stacy barked as she hauled off and kicked the back door. “Those keys were in here earlier... something is fucking with us...the door upstairs...the flashlight...you notice it was nowhere at the bottom of the stairs...where did it go? Where did my shirt go?”

“Maybe they’re out in the truck...I think there’s a spare key--” and her hand clamped down across his mouth.

“Don’t say it...maybe it’s listening to us. I know what you’re talking about. Let’s go, c’mon,” she told him as she reached for the latch on the door and unlocked it.

As the door came open though, wind and rain rushed inward through the screen door beyond it. The bottom was falling out and to say it was raining cats and dogs would have been an understatement of the worse kind. It was every bit the equivalent to hurricane ferocity. The downpour was instantaneous and forced her to slam the door back closed. The rush of falling rain beat down on the house roof like a thousand drums and they could suddenly hear the wind whistling through the outer structure and the popping and moaning of antique timbers that held the house together.

“OH C’MON...WHAT THE FLYING FUCK?!” she bellowed loudly and slumped against the door.

“Okay...now I gotta admit that’s fucking weird,” the boy finally conceded, as if the matter had been in debate at some point.

“Weird? As opposed to giant boob spiders and what?”

Stacy was getting close to the end of her mental rope. Her ability to cope with the shit was growing quickly slim and frail. She knew if anything else happened it was quite likely to send her over the edge into hysterics.

"I can make a run for the truck," Jack suggested.

"Hell no," she growled. "Forget it."

"I can run faster than you...and I'm naked, it's not like my clothes are gonna get wet," he added, trying to lighten her mood some.

In the bluish glow of his phone, he made out her attempt to cover her mouth and not laugh.

"C'mon...move...let me do this," he said. "It's only like forty yards to the barn...probably less than a hundred feet. I can be there before you get the door shut. I'll pull up to the house and you can jump in and we'll get the hell out of here and go find Dad."

"Take the phone," she urged.

"Gets wet it'll fry it...no...I can see the shape of the barn out there," he asserted as he peeped through the kitchen window. "I can make it without it...you keep it...and here, take this," he added, snatching a big knife from one of the drawers by the window.

"One minute...I'm gonna start clocking on your phone...and if I don't hear the engine in one minute, I'm coming after you, so stay in one spot, okay?"

"It's dark...c'mon...give me like five minutes before you freak the fuck out, okay."

"Alright...go," she conceded and moved away from the door for him to pass. In the blink of an eye, the boy tossed her the phone and was barreling out into the torrential downpour, disappearing into the darkness, leaving her all alone again inside the house.

3:30 pm – Outside of Marlin Township – one hour later...

Sound...then movement.

Laura came to suddenly and without warning. She lurched upright and whipped her head around side to side trying to figure out where she was and what was happening.

She was in the back of some sort of vehicle...military, but it wasn't a Humvee by any means. It was crammed tight with computer hardware and things she'd never seen before ...things that didn't quite look electronic. There was a turret above her and a man's torso and legs dangled from a harness down through the hole.

"Your lone wolf is awake, Sarge," the man in the turret called out and tapped on the roof of the vehicle.

Directly in front of her, where she suspected the driver was, was in fact a solid metal wall of steel plate. A sliding window on it suddenly opened and a frightening face appeared in the opening.

"OH SHIT!" she yelped and jumped backwards, banging her head on a console of some sort.

"Easy...it's a mask," and suddenly the man in the window pulled back and removed his skull faced ski mask. "We're just supposed to scare the bad guys...sorry." A hand reached through the hole. "I'm Sergeant Preston...vehicle officer...we fired the incendiary missile that saved your ass a little while ago. You...uhh, well you passed out apparently so we just tossed you in the back there. You okay?"

"Officer Laura Bingham...Marlin Police Department... thanks for saving my gravy," she replied, reaching out to shake the man's hand. "Did anybody else make it?"

"Sorry...we didn't find any 82nd survivors, m'am...they put up a helluva fight though. Those guys were the left-overs from a bigger fight that took place earlier today out near the gate zone. Fucking Rangers gave better than they got, let me tell you. We been driving over dead level twos four the last hour...they paved the highway out of Marlin with'em."

"Level twos? What's that?"

"Zombies...things you were fighting."

Laura swallowed hard and reached to see if her pistol was in her holster...and it was not.

"You good?"

"I lost my weapon," she replied.

"Here," and the hand in the window produced a Desert Eagle 45 caliber pistol. "Extra clips in one of the bags back there if you want'em. It's heavy as hell but it stops'em in

their tracks. Only gotta shoot once. Nine's kinda zing through their heads and don't really always take'em out."

"Level twos...the zombies...the Rangers were calling them, 'Walkers'...what are they exactly?"

"I am not cleared to explain that, I'm afraid...so sorry, can't tell you."

"I know about the gate at Kershaw Plantation... otherworld invasion...the Rangers told me. I stayed with them to hold off that swarm. There was a whole convoy of people they evacuated...they got out ahead of them."

"I see," the Sergeant replied through the window. "Well in that fucking case I guess it don't matter." Sighing, he returned his face to the window and began to speak again. "My division is called Ghost Division...we are a highly specialized military unit created to back up a CIA department known as Section 13. Section 13, as their number denotes, is responsible for dealing with paranormal threats to the United States of America. It was created shortly after World War II and was a branch off of a British paranormal division of the same nature, which had originally been created to counter Nazi paranormal operations."

"Oh geez...it sounds like Captain America and the Red Skull already...are you serious?"

Silence filled the cabin.

"Sorry...it just sounds kind of corny," she added, trying to regain the soldier's respect.

"As I was saying," he finally continued, but with a slightly pissy tone to his voice, "Ghost Division is the military arm of Section 13. A group known as Alhazred has managed to open a dimensional gate at the Kershaw Plantation and through that gate, has poured denizens from another plane of existence. These creatures, known only as the OLD ONES, once ruled our dimension but were cast out by God back in the day...and ever since, they've been trying to get back in...and now they have. Last word we had, though, the gate has been sealed, but an unknown number of the bastards have already gotten through and we've got to hunt them down...none can be allowed to escape."

"The Rangers told me you guys were planning to nuke the

town...is that true?"

Again silence filled the space beyond the sliding window.

"Use of nuclear weapons on U.S. territory requires the express orders of the President...to my knowledge that order has not been cleared."

"You lie poorly...we're pulling back right now, aren't we?"

Again silence responded to her question.

"Oh fuck...we're going in further?!" she blurted??

"Sorry...we're on an extraction mission...Section 13 personnel are pinned down at an old Church somewhere near the plantation and we lost our air team during the first attempt to get them out. We didn't have time to take you into the green zone...and I doubt you wanted us to just leave you on the highway.

She slumped back in the bench seat and tossed the pistol to the floor.

"If I'm in on this...I want something more than a fucking pee-shooter, dammit...a Ranger got killed back there shoving my fat ass up on top of that Humvee. I want some payback on these bitches for that."

"You was dealing pretty good with that 50 there for a while, lady...you don't owe no payback."

"Fuck you...I'm not sitting in the car while the men do the shopping...gimme a fucking rifle!"

"Look under the seat...I think you'll like what you find."

Laura leaned forward and reached under the bench seat. A long tactical canvas rifle case was under it. She pulled it out and unzipped it to find an 18" military issue 12 gauge with bandolier and at least a couple hundred shells...some buckshot...some slug...some...something else she wasn't quite sure of.

"What are these shells?"

"Hang on to'em...they're real special for big uglies..."

"Big uglies?"

"Six levels of enemy here...so pay attention carefully, Officer Bingham. Level one...no threat. Mostly hallucinogenic and intended to primarily cause you to hurt yourself or others. Think of them as ghosts. Level two, is the zombie type or possessed people...and yes, they can

take over your fucking mind...level ones do that...to make you into a level two that they then control. Level ones can't be killed, only ignored...they are usually manifested by the level three entities. Level threes are physical creatures... what we call, Big Uglies. They are born through human hosts...literally and it's extremely gross...take my word on that one. They can be killed but not easily. It takes a lot of damage to take one out. Those shells you got there will do it. They're incendiary shells...chemical slug that ignites on contact with air...like the missile we fired at your Hummer."

"Anything worse than level three...and what do they look like anyway?"

"Level threes usually appear, if you see them, like giant spiders...though they vary...mostly look for anything big and bug ugly like. And yes there are worse things than threes."

"You not gonna elaborate are you?"

"No m'am...not if you ever wanna sleep again."

She smirked and racked the shotgun to make sure it was empty before loading it.

"If they're the boogeymen...why do you guys wear masks? You really think you're gonna scare them?"

"We've been developing weapons for this since the 1940's ...some of our shit ain't even based on technology. And no, don't ask me to explain that either, 'cause I ain't. We have special head gear that allows us to see them. This is something they've never encountered before and so far, it's been putting the fear of God in them. So yeah, in a nutshell, we've been doing pretty good today scaring the poop out of their ugly asses."

"If these evil guys are real...are they satanic?"

Laughter erupted from the front of the vehicle as well as the turret above her.

"What's so funny?"

"Lucifer is the one that kicked these assholes out...that was before his own fall from Grace."

"Whooooaaa...hold up...are you telling me that...okay, so you're saying God...the Devil...all religion is fact?"

"Most of it's twisted beyond redemption, but yes...there is a God...and Lucifer...and lots of other things that you really

don't want to know about, trust me."

"Okay, I gotta ask...are Angels real...and why aren't they helping us?"

"We are," a voice suddenly took her by surprise and she jerked away from its origin. Beside her on the seat, all at once, was a man in a black trench coat wearing a black hat and looking for all the world like a dirty old bum of some nature, with long greasy hair and beard...both white as salt.

"Don't mind him...he's likes freaking people out...his name is Toravel...and he's not really an angel," the Sergeant informed her from the front.

"Ignore this buffoon, madame...he is hardly qualified to determine my position in the higher realms."

"What are you then?" she asked as she reached out to poke at him to make sure he was real.

"I **was** once a Power of the sixth level...an angel of high regard, thank you very much, Sergeant...I was assigned the business of Watcher here on Earth...and I became somewhat infatuated with humans to the point of getting myself in trouble over the matter. As punishment, I was bound to the Earth and most recently I have been bound to Section 13 as its intermediary. I am an advisor or sorts."

"He has no power...and he's arrogant as fuck," the Sergeant added from the front seat though the window.

"Power...ironic isn't it. I was classified as a Power...and now I have none, or so the Sergeant would have us belief. But sometimes knowledge itself is more powerful than any weapon."

"You said Angels are helping us...were you serious?"

"The order of things is complicated to explain. The Higher Powers will intervene in cases of ethereal matters, but for the most part, matters of the flesh...or reality, must be fought like any other battle. And our enemies have made their way into fleshly form here in this place."

"Lucifer made a run on Eden at the same time the invasion took place here...and from what we have been told, the Powers and Principals...the Cherubim...all the Higher forces of Heaven are engaged in battle with him and his at the moment," the Sergeant interjected.

“So the Devil is allied with these things now?”

Toravel chuckled.

“Hardly my dear...but he is not one to pass up an opportunity to seize something he wants. But as I said, Angels are here. Some have...well...how do you say...made themselves ‘available’ for the battle here without express direction from the chain of command.”

“Rogues...we got rogue Angels and Archangels running amuck is what he’s saying.”

“Amuck...hardly, man...they are quite organized and doing far more damage to the enemy they you and yours.”

“Tell that to her...her and her 82nd boys just whooped some serious ass back there in the highway all by their lonesome, did you not?” The Sergeant’s face was smirking through the window.

Laura looked up at the Toravel and met his eyes...just long enough for a glint of light to sparkle and reflect from his.

“God be with you,” he said and in that moment she was back on the highway...looking up as the convoy of vehicles passed her by...the haggard woman on the back of the last truck, packed in with at least fifteen other people, all hanging on for dear life...his words...were what the woman had said to her as they sped past.

But now, in this moment, as she replayed the event in her mind, she saw not the haggard woman, but a brilliant, glowing female form in reflective armor hunkered into the mass of people...huge white wings outstretched and bowed inward as if to shield those in the back of the truck with her. A great gleaming sword she held...was tossed to Laura as the vehicle moved past.

“God be with you,” the voice uttered again, but it was Toravel’s once more and the trance was broken.

“Never amuck,” he added. “Perhaps preoccupied, but never amuck.”

“Was that real?”

“Why did you live and not the others...why did that Ranger push you up onto the truck without a second thought?”

“I’m supposed to do something important,” Laura realized

without knowing exactly how.

"You are...fear not when the time comes," and all at once the man was gone. No fade-away, no smoke, no magical sparks...just not there anymore.

"What just happened back there?" the Sergeant asked, head bulging through the small window. "Did he do something to you?"

"Just...he showed me something I'd already seen...I just didn't realize I'd seen it at the time...but now I know I did."

"Don't take him too serious...he's a little whacked sometimes...Section 13 doesn't even trust him half the time."

"Yeah...sure...okay," she nodded and sat back in the seat and started loading the shotgun bandolier.

Nichols' Farm – Outside Marlin 2:15 pm

As Stacy watched the clock on the phone tick to 2:15, she tensed, realizing it had been fully five minutes since Jack ran out into the storm.

She needed to do something...to act. But she was deeply afraid to charge out into the horrific storm to try and find him.

By the time the phone switched to 2:16, she stood up from where she'd been slumped against the kitchen counter and steeled her nerves. With inhuman determination, she stepped to the door and reached for the doorknob with the intent of going out after Jack. But just as her hand reached the metal edge of the knob, the door burst open and knocked her completely down.

Thunder crashed loudly and the lights in the house blinked several times and then lit back up to full power. As her eyes adjusted, she blinked and stared up at the open back door...and realized it was Lewis standing there, drenched to the bone. For a moment she was suddenly relieved and with newfound energy, she leapt up from the floor to embrace him, but as her body made contact with his, she immediately recognized that something was not right about him.

His hands gripped her arms and pushed her back away

from him. The look on his wet face was one of anger.

"Where's Jack?" he hissed at her.

"He...he went out to get the truck...we...we were," but her words tapered off to nothing as she realized he was shaking his head already before she could even finish her sentence.

"He's not out there...and don't lie to me...I know exactly where the fuck he is," Lewis practically growled at her as he ripped his hands from her arms and pointed off to the living room area. "Go see...I'm not stupid...I know what's been going on, dammit!"

Suddenly she was afraid again, but she turned and stepped around the corner into the living room. The couch sat with its back to the kitchen door. She could Jack on the other side of it...and he was...moving back and forth...he was fucking...he was obviously fucking somebody on the couch, but she couldn't see who!

"Jack?" she called out. "What are you doing...what happened to the truck...Jack, answer me!"

The boy looked up and smiled and started humping faster as if she had not deterred him in the least.

She turned to look back into the kitchen for Lewis...but he was gone and the door was closed again...no sign that he'd even been there to start with.

"Oh fuck...fuck, I'm seeing shit again," she realized. Quickly she turned back around and Jack too, was gone, but she could hear breathing...panting, actually...coming from the other side of the high-backed couch.

Creeping, she stepped quietly around the outer rim of the living room, hugging the wall as she moved, all the while keeping her eyes focused on the couch. When she reached a vantage point from which she could see whom it was that lay on the couch, her heart literally stopped for a moment.

Katy, her eleven year old daughter lay naked on the couch cushions, her hands bound by rope to either side of it, loops tied in the couch arms, so that her arms were outstretched and the lower part of her torso and legs were hanging off the front edge. Her legs were spread wide and she was panting...her vagina was gaping open as if it'd just been penetrated by something huge. Sweat or rain covered

her body...she was drenched, soaked to the bone and looked battered somewhat as if she'd been in a fight. Small marks and bruises...even some scratches were visible all over her.

"Momma...Momma, Jack did it...he did this to me!"

She lurched forward to her daughter and immediately began to jerk at the ropes around her wrists.

"Hold on baby...Momma's gonna get you lose, okay...just hold on and don't panic."

"Momma...he's been sneaking in my room every night and fucking me...he told me if I told you he'd kill me...he said if he couldn't have you, he was gonna fuck **me!**"

"It's gonna be okay...just hold on," she repeated to her as she frantically fought with the hard-tied knots. "Dammit I need a knife!"

And she'd had one...what happened to it? The kitchen...of course, she'd dropped it along with the phone when Lewis hit her with the door. She jumped upright and made to head back to the kitchen but the girl's pleading stopped her dead in her tracks.

"NO, MOMMA!! Don't leave me...he's gonna come back and fuck me again...he said he was gonna keep fucking me till I was pregnant...he said he wants me to have big tits and a fat ass like you!"

"Dirty little sunvabitch!" she bellowed and lunged for the kitchen where she grabbed up the knife off the floor. Moving as fast as she could, she rounded the corner again and barged back into the living room, but as she approached the couch, her daughter screamed and began to buck against the ropes that bound her arms. She attempted to stand up, but the ropes were too tight and she slipped and landed ass down on the couch again before slipping off the front edge once more.

"He did it Momma! He made me pregnant...I can feel it moving inside of me...get it out...GET IT OUT OF ME!!" the girl shrieked at her mother.

Stacy knelt down to cut the ropes, but before the blade reached its target, she noticed her daughter's belly move in a bizarre and unnatural way...as if something was inside of

its tight skin...pushing outward. The girl screamed and began to jerk frantically, making it suddenly impossible for Stacy to hold onto the rope enough to cut it.

"HOLD STILL! I'LL CUT YOU LOSE, DAMMIT!"

"GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT OF ME!!" the girl continued to shriek so loud it hurt Stacy's ears.

All at once, the creepy hand movement stopped and then Katy lurched back against the couch, lying on her back atop the cushions. Her tight little breasts jiggling slightly as she squinted her face and grimaced.

"It's coming...it's coming out, Momma!"

"What the fuck are you talking about, Katy?!" Stacy demanded as she took the moment of stillness to saw on the thick ass rope that held her daughter. "FUCK! WHY ARE YOU SO FUCKING DULL?! SHIT!" she cursed as the knife did little to cut through the wet bindings.

Just then, she glanced down at her daughter's belly and realized it was expanding...rapidly...like a balloon filling from a hydrogen tank.

"OH SHIT!" she screamed and jumped back from the couch, shocked at what she was seeing.

"OH HELL NO...NO, NO, NO! THAT'S NOT FUCKING POSSIBLE, DAMMIT!" she bellowed aloud to no one in particular. "YOU'RE FUCKING WITH MY HEAD AGAIN, AREN'T YOU?!" Her fear was welling up into anger.

"Is she even real? Or am I just imagining her?" she asked to no one as she glanced down at her daughter...the same daughter who's belly was now the size of a beach ball.

"MOMMA! HELP ME...WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?! HELP ME BEFORE JACK COMES BACK!"

"No...no I'm not gonna...'cause this ain't real...you're not real...Lewis...he wasn't real either! I'm not as stupid as you think I am...you giant bug...or whatever you are!"

As she watched, the expression on her daughter's face changed dramatically from one of desperation to one of devious intent. Her eyes clouded with blackness until they were dark mirrors of the room around her...no white and no pupils visible. Her mouth stretched into a hideous grin as she pulled herself upright on the couch and spoke.

“Not as stupid, perhaps...but still just as pathetic as we remember you being.”

“Are you the thing from upstairs?” she demanded of the thing that looked like her daughter.

“We are all one...we birthed from the same beast eons before your race ever crawled from the muck...we are all as one in our world. But my brethren upstairs is quite deceased in his corporeal form here...and he has returned to the nether from whence we came.”

“What the fuck is it you want from us?” Stacy shrieked as she lifted the dull kitchen knife up to a defensive position. The thing was still bound to the couch, but somehow she didn't trust that it was incapable of harming her. Its movements were mechanical...and precise. No wobble to the head...no hesitations...and never did the eyes blink. It was not her daughter...it was nothing like Katy at all now except for its shell...it's physical form. Whatever the fuck was in control behind those blackened eyes was dangerous and evil and had no remorse for any action it had ever taken. Looking into its eyes was like looking into absolute darkness, a bottomless pit of nothing. And it was at that moment she realized whatever it was...it had no soul at all.

“I want for you to die...nothing more...nothing less. Kill yourself and I'll torment you no longer.”

“FUCK YOU! EAT A DICK, ASSHOLE!” she screamed at it as she backed up a bit further toward the stairs.

“Kill yourself and I'll let you see Jack fuck me...c'mon...I know that got your rocks off earlier...you were thinking about it for the longest time.”

“I'm not gonna kill myself...what the fuck?! Why would I do that...are you stupid?!”

“Kill the boy then...kill him for me and I'll let you see anything you desire for eternity...you have my bond on this.”

The black eyes followed her every movement.

“You need us to kill each other don't you...is that it?”

“I need you to die...however that happens is really irrelevant in the end. You will die one way or the other. The only choice here for you is whether you cooperate and get rewarded...or resist and die horribly,” the thing replied in a

twisted and macabre version of her eleven year old daughter's voice. "Now c'mon, Mom...don't you wanna see me fucking some big cock before you go?" To emphasize its offer, the girl's body bounced up and down on the couch cushions, her gigantic pregnant belly bobbing up and down out of unison with the rest of her torso. It was ghastly and disgusting. When it failed to pull a response from Stacy though, the thing leaned back against the couch and scooted downward till it was on its back again...the massive stomach sticking up into the air...its legs spread wide and her vagina gaping for all the world to look up into.

"Oh, I need it so bad, Jack...just fuck me...hurry before Momma comes in and catches us...oh yeah...it feels so good...it's so fucking big and fat...mmmm!" her daughter's voice crooned as her hips bucked back and forth on the couch.

"STOP IT! STOP THAT!" Stacy yelled at it...at the thing that was her daughter. "Stop pretending to be my daughter, motherfucker!"

"Oh indeed...what an interesting choice of words," the girl hissed and the front door popped open...and Jack, still naked and soaking wet, stepped into the living room.

His penis hung down now far past his knees now. It had to be at least a foot and half long and that was flaccid. At least as thick as his forearm, it swung from side to side like an elephant's trunk as he walked inside and slammed the door shut behind him.

"Jack? Jack are you alright?" Stacy called to him as she hesitantly approached him. "Jack say something!"

He turned to look at her and then twisted his head back to stare at the thing on the couch and as she watched, his cock began to swell into a grotesque erection that protruded at least two foot away from his body. The head of his dick ballooned into something the size of a baseball and when it'd reached full firmness, he stepped quickly toward the couch and inserted the ghastly appendage deep into Katy's form.

As Stacy stood and watched in dismay, Jack began to fuck the ever-living Hell out of her daughter...or what looked like her daughter. She was horrified at the scene, but at her

core, something about it was resonating sexually with her and she was having to fight hard to repress it. It was the belly...her daughter had always been so scrawny and tight and now there she was on that couch with her belly swollen up as if she were carrying sextuplets and with every jolting thrust Jack made inside her with that elephant trunk of a dick, the belly wobbled and swayed and rolled around. It was mesmerizing to her and she found herself remembering her own pregnancy...with Katy...how firm and huge her tits had gotten...how big and round her belly had been and how incredible sex had felt.

"Fuck me Jack...fuck me like I was my Momma!" the girl called out him from the couch as he continued to pummel her tiny hips with his monstrositous cock. "I know you wanna fuck her too...I know I'm not all fat like her, baby, but I got some tight pussy don't I?"

It was animalistic. Like watching some kind of freakish animals fucking in the jungle. Her daughter was inhumanly pregnant and her stepson was grossly endowed. It shouldn't have been erotic to her, but it was.

"Oh fuck...fuck," she whispered as she pressed herself up against the wall and dropped the knife. "Nasty...nasty fat cock...look at it!" She stared down at the boy's gruesomely vast appendage and marveled at how he was even shoving it inside the tiny girl. The skin of his shaft was nearly bright red from the grinding and drilling in her tiny opening and it would compress up into great fat rolls around the base when he'd press inward...all of its flesh unable to penetrate her.

"Fuck her...fuck the shit out of her," Stacy blurted uncontrollably as she lunged forward and wrapped herself around the boy from behind...her hands snaking around to his front side...low to his fat genitals. As her hands tightened around the base of his shaft, she realized just how unbelievably massive it was. Even with both hands at the same time, her fingers would not meet around its girth. It felt unnatural, much like the elephant trunk she'd compared it to earlier...only it had huge bloated ridges where massive veins bulged through its angry red flesh.

She immediately began to jerk on it.

“Cum in her...cum in her and then cum **ON** her...hose her belly down with your cum load, you freak...you giant cocked fucking freak!”

The boy had stopped when she first touched him, but now he began to thrust once more and this time with a ferocity that was almost violent in nature.

“Ow...owww...it hurts...stop it, Jack...you’re hurting me!” the girl cried out in her daughter’s voice...but Stacy didn’t care.

Dropping down to her knees, she slithered in between the boy’s boney legs and grabbed his tennis ball sized testicles with both hands and began to lick them and suck on them even as the boy continued to hump her daughter.

“Momma...make him stop...it hurts!” the girl called out again to her.

“Fuck her harder...FUCK HER HARDER!” she demanded in between running her tongue along the crevice between his balls and asshole. “FUCK THE LITTLE BITCH AND CUM ON HER YOU COCK MONSTER!” she added suddenly and squeezed both his giant balls, jerking them downward and then pumping them up and down as if she were trying to milk a cow’s udders. “FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!” she chanted insanely with each tug of his balls...until black semen erupted from the girl’s pussy and began to rain down onto her face below them. “YES...YES! OH FUCK YES!! SHOOT IT ON ME, DAMMIT! ME! I KNOW IT’S ME YOU REALLY WANT ANYWAY!”

Following her orders, Jack pulled back and snaked his giant two foot cock out of the girl and immediately drooped it down onto Stacy where he unloaded a horrendous load of black semen, shiny and thick...sticky and with a stench about it that reminded her of rotten meat. As gobs of it erupted into her face and across her topless torso, she suddenly grasped a moment of clarity.

“OH FUCK...FUCK!” she lurched away from the couch and the unending torrent of black mess. Gagging, she scurried on all fours across the living room carpet and headed for the knife she’d discarded on the floor by the front door.

“WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?! WE HAD HER?!” the girl on the couch shrieked in a voice that was nothing female nor even human sounding.

The Nichols' Barn – 2:15 pm

Jack stood in front of the truck, huffing and wet beyond saturation. He'd gotten turned around in the dark and had stumbled around for what he suspected had already been five or more minutes, unable to even find the barn. Once he'd lunged out into the rain, it'd been impossible to make out the barn's shape at all. How he'd seen it from the house, he had no clue. How he'd managed to find it in complete darkness at all, he was still unable to comprehend. But his hands were on the truck's hood...and as he poked around and pilfered it's metallic body, he finally made his way to the driver's side, front tire well and he reached under it to the magnetic box that his father kept there with a spare key that fit both the door and the ignition.

The door was already unlocked and it took him less than a heartbeat to climb in and ram the key into the ignition but when he turned it...nothing happened. Not even the slightest bit of fire or turn. It was as if the battery was dead.

“MOTHERFUCKER! MOTHERFUCKER! MOTHERFUCKER!” he screamed and kicked at the floorboard and punched at the steering wheel. “Didn't need to know where the key was...you just already jacked with the truck didn't you assholes!” he added, shouting out the open door to the darkness beyond.

Something made a noise in the floorboard. A peculiar rolling and clink noise. It drew the boy's attention and his anger diminished instantly as he reached down and realized what it was that had rolled from under the truck seat.

“Oh but yeah...I'd prefer a shotgun, but this'll do just fine,” he said aloud as he played his hands down the length of the Louisville Slugger baseball bat that his Dad kept under the seat for self-protection. “Didn't like my soap...let's see how you like my back-swing bitches!”

With a renewed sense of purpose, he climbed out of the

truck and mounted the bat on his shoulder, both hands on its leather wrapped hilt. It was heavy and what his father had once referred to as “loaded.” The wooden core had been drilled out and a solid piece of steel rebar had been slid down into it and then the hole on the tip resealed with wood putty.

He gauged about where he figured the house should be from his position at the truck and with determination and a need to be violent, he stepped off out into the rain once more...but he could sense something was in the darkness between him and the house.

“I can’t see you but I know you’re there,” he called out loud to the drenching rain storm and blackness. “Step up to the plate bitch and let’s see who’s left standing!”

Something nudged him in the darkness...not a shove or a push...just a slight bump that redirected his walk off to the left a bit. He didn’t even notice it at all...but the Minion who was hiding off to his left **did!**

He sees me...how is that possible...he can’t possibly see me in the darkness! The minion complained to its mind-linked brethren as the boy started toward it with the weapon in hand.

The humans have special eyes...their warriors have been killing us all day...do not be fooled...they can see you! Other minions chimed in and vocalized, at least telepathically, their own knowledge of the battle being waged around the gate zone.

The minion by the truck spazzed, for lack of a better term. Frantic and fearful for its life, it scurried for the safety of the house, but ran into something solid in its path that it could not see...something that kicked it hard and knocked it far across the yard directly into the path of the boy with the bat.

“Verminous filth...unworthy of flesh,” Toravel muttered as he stepped forward and kicked the Minion with all his might. “Maybe I can’t kill you...but no rule says the boy can’t.”

“TORAVEL!” a booming voice echoed across multiple planes of existence and nearly burst what passed for the

Watcher's eardrums. "You may not intervene unless the humans step into the line of honor and the boy has not yet done so...nor has the woman."

The voice was of an Archangel...Volel...one of the Rogues who'd descended to fight for humanity.

"I did nothing but trip on some scurrying vermin, back up off my ass," Toravel retaliated in defiance of the command.

"You can't keep your hands out of human affairs and that is your problem, Toravel...they must earn our assistance, to give it when it is not needed nor deserved is a disservice to them and it only makes them weaker."

"I tripped...don't you have something to go smite with flaming sword?"

"Perhaps...but you stand back until the boy earns your aid before you act again, or you'll answer to me!"

"He already beat one down upstairs, what more do you want from him? He killed it with soap on a rope!"

"He still lusts for the woman and he must face and resist this before you may assist...until then, stand back."

"Fine," Toravel hissed and disappeared.

Walking, walking, walking, stumble and fall.

Jackson was moving forward in the dark one second and the next he was eating dirt and something was moving next to him.

"SUNAVABITCH! MOTHERFUCKER! DIE BITCH! DIE!!" he bellowed as he began to whack at whatever it was in the darkness. He could feel his blows sinking home and the things was scurrying trying to get away.

He was up off the ground in a flash and pounding away at the thing, every other swing, finding some sort of target in the black abyss. He could hear it gasping and sputtering and then it shrieked an unnatural sound that angered him and made him attack even harder.

Suddenly the lights came back on...the house behind him lit up and the outside security lights flickered on lighting up most of the yard between the house and the barn.

Looking downward, he realized another giant spider thing

land crumpled at his feet, black ichor splattered everywhere and his bat was dripping with it.

Inside the Nichols' Farm house – 2:19 pm

Stacy reached out for the knife and latched on to it with one hand and quickly rolled over to sit upright and prepare to defend herself, but as she sat up, Jack smacked her straight in the face with his fist, knocking her backwards against the front door.

He was on top of her in a flash and was wailing on her with every ounce of strength his scrawny body could afford to throw at her. Her hand still gripped the knife though, and through the violent blows, she slashed out at him and nailed him in the side with the blade, burying deep into his lung.

Gurgling and hissing, the boy fell off of her and collapsed onto the floor beside her and as she watched, his form decomposed into something resembling a giant spider with glowing green eyes that were dimming by the second.

“SHIT!” she screeched as she leapt to her feet and moved back away from the creature. She suddenly realized that the thing also had a gigantic penis structure dangling from its underside and black fluid was drizzling from its tip.

“OH...OH GROSS...OH FUCKING GROSS!!” she shouted in repulsion as she frantically began to wipe at the disgusting black filth that covered her body.

“Your little cock sucking son just murdered another of my brethren, bitch!” the thing on the couch remarked with a distinctly pissed tone.

Stacy whipped around and lifted the knife up to a defensive position as if to ward off an attack from the girl's form. “GOOD! I THINK I JUST KILLED ANOTHER ONE OVER THERE, DIDN'T I MOTHERFUCKER!?”

“It's far too late for you, my dear...the light bringers won't even help you now...you've given in to my deviant urges...you've helped inseminate your own daughter with vile seed, you stupid monkey!”

“WHAT?!” Stacy bellowed in shock.

"Why do you think I'm still bound over here...why do you think I've not freed myself to aid my fallen brethren there... why do you think I've not already killed you myself, whore?"

"NO...NO, NO, NO, NOOOO!"

"Oh but yes...she was traveling home just a short while ago with your husband...we sensed the desires within her for the son...and it was only a little bit of doing to twist her into our grip. We used her to kill your husband, the one called Lewis...then we forced her to copulate with his dying corpse...and that is how we took her...she submitted to us to escape, much as you will soon do as well."

"YOU'RE NOT MY DAUGHTER! FUCK YOU! GO TO HELL, DAMN YOU...YOU'RE NOT MY DAUGHTER!" she screamed and stumbled back against the wall, dropping the knife and then crumpling to her knees, crying and sobbing.

"BEHOLD THE FLESH GATE, MORTAL!" the thing shouted so loudly the house rattled as its vagina expanded and then stretched widely, disgorging a monstrous tentacle that shot across the room and slapped Stacy so hard that it knocked her half-way up the stairs.

"BEHOLD THE HAND OF THE OLD ONES!" the girl bellowed again as the tentacle exited her pussy even further, extending to at least a length of thirty feet or more.

Insidious claws protruded from the tentacle's flesh and nasty mouths covered its scaly skin and as Stacy regained her composure, she realized it was whipping around in a frenzy trying to find her again.

"LEFT! TO THE LEFT! UP THE STAIRS!" the girl shouted at it as if directing it's efforts.

Suddenly the front door burst open and a naked Jack charged in, hurtling the dead beast at the entrance. With a defiant battle scream, he rushed the couch and cracked the head of the girl with one swing from his bat.

The girl shrieked with an inhuman howl of pain and anger and the ropes that bound it snapped as it lurched up from the couch and threw him across the room.

Her form was different now...not the same as it had been...as Stacy stared in awe from the stairs, her daughter's form began to shift and morph into a full woman...breasts

billowing out and then drooping downward atop her grotesquely distended stomach and her face elongated and her hair faded into a darker color.

“Joanne? Joanne Stiles?” The middle-aged woman stood atop her couch, legs spread, and giant tentacle still whipping around the living room, trashing and smashing everything it came into contact with.

“COCKSUCKER!!!” Stacy screamed in hatred and anger as she rushed down the stairs and lunged across the living room at the woman, knocking her completely backwards off the couch. “I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU BITCH! I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!!”

The two women fought viciously, rolling around the floor near the kitchen doorway until from out of nowhere a bat swung once more and caught Joanne in the head.

“DIRTY LITTLE FUCK!” the monstrosity hissed as it realized it was fighting two humans at once now.

“RUN!” Jack yelled as he swung once more at its head.

“YOU CAN’T KILL ME...I’M A FLESH GATE NOW, YOU MORTAL DOGS! FEAR ME...KNEEL BEFORE ME AND ACCEPT YOUR FATE!”

Stacy clambered upright and jumped back just in time to dodge the tentacle slinging around again at her. As she moved, its tip missed her and slapped Joanne in the face.

The woman screamed in pain and as the tentacle pulled back, it was all too obvious it’s spikes had taken out her eyes.

“NOW...C’MON, DAMMIT!” Jack shouted and jerked her by the arm as they stumbled in a rush across the living room and out the front door.

“Stop...STOP THE FUCKING TRUCK!” Laura shouted from the back of the armored Ghost Division vehicle...and the driver lurched the truck to a screaming halt.

The window in the armored divider slid open and the Sergeant peered into the rear cab where she sat.

“What the fuck, woman? What’s wrong?”

“Let me out...right here...let me the fuck out, I gotta go do something important.”

“Sorry, we’re not--” the Sergeant’s words were cut off instantly by the barrel of the shotgun sticking through the view port.

“I wasn’t asking...open the door and let me the fuck out dammit.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know...something I was told...Toravel reminded me of it earlier...” she replied with a dazed look on her face.

The soldier in the turret harness above her chuckled.

“Don’t fuck with her Sarge...she’s on a mission from God, man...let her go do what she gotta do.”

The rear hatch popped open.

“You’re on your own, Officer Bingham. We have an extraction point at the old church South of town near the swamp. You get there by sundown, and you got a ride out of here...miss it and you’re gonna get your ass cooked.”

“Got it...thanks for the gun,” she added, as she slammed the hatch back shut.

Stacy and Jackson exploded from the front door of the old house and raced out into the mud and muck of the front yard, only to be met by a chubby female cop running full speed towards the house.

“HEY! STOP! DON’T GO IN THERE!” the boy shouted at her but the woman ignored him and burst directly into the house without hesitation, shotgun aimed and ready.

“I SMELL YOU SHIELD...I KNOW YOU’RE THERE!” the disgustingly bloated and oozing form of Joanne Stiles hissed from atop the couch where it lay sprawled, it’s crotch tentacle whipping about...with little to no fervor left. She gasped and then gurgled and her belly exploded in a massive shower of ichor and guts.

Multiple tentacles flailed about now and something with a giant eye lifted up on a stalk from the remains of her abdomen.

Laura Bingham lifted the shotgun with a fearless glint in her eye and unloaded a round of buckshot straight into the

eyestalk thing, blowing it into tiny bits of gory ichor. Another eye instantly shot up to take its place and she realized it was a good thing she'd loaded one of the special incendiary rounds second in her chamber.

She racked the shotgun and loaded the fiery round into place and then smiled as she pulled the trigger and lit the beast afire.

It screamed somehow with whatever mouth it still had, and Laura laughed as she pulled another of the incendiary rounds from her bandolier and loaded it into the open port on the shotgun.

BLAM!

She sent another fiery pill of death straight into the core of its tentacle stalks.

Unable to escape the flames, the things' tentacles began to droop and then fall to the floor. Its ability to regenerate flesh was stopped cold by the incendiary's ability to make oxygen burn. Flesh cells are comprised of mostly water and the primary components of water are oxygen and hydrogen which under extreme heat, separate. And the heat from the round, of course, caused the cells to boil and release the oxygen which, in turn, fed the flames. The more it attempted to regenerate, the hotter it burned. Escape was a lost cause and the beast's attempt at entering our world in fleshly form was ultimately a lost cause. Realizing as much, it cursed and retracted its self back into the nether from which it sprang.

*Miles away...on the highway leading into Marlin from
the Dartz home...*

Katy shook Lewis again and tried to get him to get up but he didn't move.

"Lewis...what's wrong with you?! GET UP!!"

Without warning, her stepfather had slammed on the brakes and leapt out of the truck, running like a madman down the highway until an old green car with white hood had hit him and knocked him clear out of the roadway and half out into the rice field beside it.

The driver of the car hadn't even stopped...just swerved and kept hauling ass down the road as if all Hell followed them.

The girl, frantic, fumbled for his cellphone that he kept in his pants pocket. Pulling it out, she flipped it open and realized to her shock that it had no signal.

"CRAP! WE'RE LIKE TWO MILES FROM TOWN...HOW CAN YOU NOT HAVE A STUPID SIGNAL!!"

Off in the distance she could actually see a cell tower.

"CRAP!" she squealed at the open air.

Just then, Lewis sat upright and scared the living fuck out of her. She screamed and then lunged for him, hugging him.

"You're okay...oh crap...I thought you were dead!"

"Who said I'm not, you little twat!"

In shock, she jerked back away from him and that's when she realized his arms were holding him upright. His lower torso and legs remained unnaturally flat on the ground. In a horrifying instant, she realized his spine had been snapped by the car hitting him.

"RUN! RUN DAMMIT! GET AWAY FROM ME, KATY!!"

She looked oddly at him and then took off running back toward the truck sitting in the right hand lane where he'd left it idling.

"WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING IN HERE...GET OUT, YOU'RE DEAD...THE FLESH IS OURS NOW!" Lewis' mouth focused the words, but the voice was not his.

"You're not gonna use me asshole..I ain't leaving till I'm useless as shit!" the true voice of Lewis said from inside the remains of his body.

By this point, the truck was hurtling towards him at high speed.

"Smart girl...take the truck...go home...a shield is there," he said from inside his head and as the truck closed on his position at the edge of the asphalt, he used all the might he possessed to drag his body up into the road and when the truck whipped past him, he threw himself into the path of the outer tires, his head exploding under the rubber wheel.

Toravel appeared on the roadway next to the smashed

corpse and bent over, somehow reaching down into it and with a forceful pull, he jerked the spirit of Lewis Nichols up out of the pile of gore.

"That's badass, man...hardcore shit right there."

"What just happened to me and who the fuck are you?"

"You see that, Volel? I know you did...a selfless and valiant effort if ever there was one...but what's this...oh, he's already dead so I can't help him...well then does his efforts go without reward? No I think not...perhaps he might wish to bestow my efforts upon his loved ones, nay?"

Thunder boomed loudly, but it was not the work of the Old Ones and lightning flashed but the spark was that of bright white with bluish tinge.

"What...no comment?"

"What's happening...who the fuck are you...is that me?"

Lewis stood looking down at the hamburger on the highway at his feet.

"Yep...you just destroyed your body to keep an evil-doer from using it to rape your stepdaughter with. Like I said...hardcore man. Now, as per regulations, for such valiance, you may request my protection of your loved ones if you so wish."

"TORAVEL! No time for games...we are invoked!
ASSEMBLE!"

"What's going on...who said that?"

"Sorry man...your time is up...I'll do what I can to protect them...I've already made sure a shield made it to them. Go in peace and rest," he replied and with a tap of his hand Lewis was gone.

"Assemble? I'm not part of the Host?"

"YOUR ACTIONS HAVE ATTRACTED HIS MOST HIGH ATTENTION...make haste to redeem yourself and assemble for battle...Holy Ground is threatened and the righteous have invoked our presence! ASSEMBLE!"

"Damn...alright...how about a hot sword?"

Before him, a flaming sword of light appeared and a grin spread across his face by the likes of which he had not had in centuries.

"Oh its on now, dogs...it's on! Papa Toravel got his

groove back! And I'm gonna do more than just kick your sorry bug asses now!

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**